

## Halloween Party

Once, a long, long time ago, All Hallows' Eve was a holy night. A sacred holiday. The underworld would open, spewing forth the spirits of the deceased that they may return home for a single night each year.

It became tradition for families to leave out food, lovely little snacks, for their long-departed relatives. A welcome home and an offering to appease any unhappy spirits. Jokes would be told, pranks would be played, merriment would be had; all to entertain the spirits on the one night they were allowed to roam free. And some, the fearful, would hide from the ghosts. Donning costumes in an attempt to trick and fool their long-departed relatives. Nobles would dress as commoners, men would dress as women, sinners would dress as saints.

So it had been for hundreds and thousands of years.

Eventually, however, things changed. The world began moving on from spirits and magic, embracing science and logic instead. Over the course of many years, spirits stopped returning to the living world. All Hallows' Eve morphed into something new, the people continuing their antics but forgetting the reason why.

They continued to wear costumes. Only instead of using the clothes to fool spirits, they wore the costumes for fun.

Halloween, they named it. A mockery of the spirits.

One spirit in particular, a very powerful spirit indeed, rose from the underworld for the first time in centuries, intent on finding its long-lost kin.

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"Do I *have* to?" A husband whined his wife.

So what if their daughter wanted to go out? It was late, and the party was just getting started! Why was he the one who had to drive her half-way across the bloody city? Why couldn't his wife do it? Why couldn't his daughter walk there herself?

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, his eyes drifted over to where his daughter stood, wearing little more than a crimson red bikini. Apart from the red, spiked tail and the devil-horn headband, there was little difference between what she was wearing now and what she wore to every house party ever.

Or, at least, that had been her defence when he'd tried scolding her for dressing like a total slut.

His wife at least had some class in her choice of sexy Halloween costume. A slutty nurse. Cheap white costume that would have gotten her thrown out of any self-respecting hospital. It showed just enough flesh to be sexy while not revealing too much.

Showing everything, as his daughter was doing, took away from the eroticism of the costume entirely. If she'd concealed more, left more to the imagination rather than just showing...

*That's your daughter you're thinking about*, he reminded himself. He forced his eyes back to his stern-faced wife.

"Yes," she said firmly. "That is, if you have any hope of getting laid tonight."

Across the room, his daughter snorted back laughter.

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The spirit watched the encounter with growing rage. *This* is what its descendants had been reduced to? *This* is what had become of the most sacred night of the year?

It had touched the minds of all the party-goers. All were men, co-workers of the father. All of them desired the mother and the daughter both, attractive and dressed as

they were. None would act on that desire, not without being nudged in the right direction.

The mother didn't want to leave the party. She enjoyed the male attention on her. Faithful to her husband, but desiring the lust of other men.

The father was worse, secretly lusting after his own daughter.

And the daughter. The one who dressed as a devil was more like her costume than anyone else. She claimed she was going to a party of her own, to talk and spend time with friends. In truth, she was heading to an orgy. Tonight! The holiest night of the year! And this devil-spawn wished to defile both it and herself.

So be it, the spirit decided.

Tonight, they would learn the errors of their ways. Tonight, they would become what they wore.

Perhaps then they might learn reverence.

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Vivian, or Viv for short, watched the exchange between her parents with a smile. Mom wanted her out of the house, and whatever Mom wanted, she got. Dad might be dressed like a caveman now, with those silly fake muscled hiding his bony frame, but in reality he was a wimp.

Mom wore the pants in this house.

Though today she wasn't, of course. What kind of a slutty nurse wears pants?

Dad slumped and everyone knew the conversation was over. He'd drive her and that was that. Mom gave a satisfied nod, turned and headed back to the party where Dad's friends were.

"Come on then," Dad said, turning to Viv, sounding defeated.

Watching him climb into the car was amusing. The costume he wore, all those fake muscles, made the 'caveman' barely fit into the driver's seat. Viv sat next to him in the front passenger seat and felt almost claustrophobic from how much space he took up.

The drive was normal, boring, for a few minutes. Nothing out of the ordinary or interesting. Then, out of the corner of her eye, Viv saw something pale and glowing.

A moment later, her entire body felt unbearably hot.

Her costume felt tight on her, burning her skin.

And then it was over, followed by an odd sensation of waking up from a dream.

Something felt odd about her. Different.

She reached up, touched the horns poking out through her skull. Felt her tail moving under her, tight and uncomfortable because of how she was sitting. Looking down, she saw the bright red bikini.

That was odd. Why was she wearing human clothes?

Before she could ask any more questions, the vehicle she was sitting in screeched, skidded onto the sidewalk. There was a light crash; not enough to harm, but enough to momentarily stun her.

It took her a moment to realise that there was a human sitting next to her.

Bulky. Huge. She'd never seen a human so muscled.

He wore nothing on his torso, leaving it bare and hairy. His lower half was concealed only by a leathery loin-cloth. It did not hide much.

The brutish human was scratching at the car door, trying to open it without knowing how to work the handle. After vainly clawing and pushing the door, the giant human changed tact, openly attacking it with its massive arms.

It took only a few strikes before the door broke open, glass shattered and metal hinges warped.

The human climbed out of the car, muscles flexing.

Viv took the opportunity to look around.

They'd crashed in the middle of a human city. Large buildings flanked them on all sides, alleyways and roads all about. No other humans seemed to be roaming around the area right now, which was fortunate. Who knew how they'd react upon seeing Viv? Panic and fear, most likely.

Her thoughts were dragged back to reality as she felt the car shift, felt the weight of the unnaturally large human climbing over the car's hood.

In an instant, he was standing on the other side of the car - the side Viv was sitting in.

The human's hand clutched at the door handle. Rather than using its brain and turning it, the brutish creature pulled with all its might, ripping the door from the car itself. It tossed the car door aside, reached in and took a tight grip on Viv's arm.

She allowed it, amused by this human and... aroused.

Why was she aroused?

The question left her mind as the human tossed Viv over its shoulder, began carrying her into one of the dark alleyways.

People checking her out always made Linda feel nice and warm, made her feel attractive and wanted. Her husband's friends, her daughter's boyfriends, her co-workers and the husbands of her friends, even random men she encounter in her daily life. Whenever someone checked her out - and she always knew when they did - she couldn't help but enjoy the sensation of their eyes on her.

Nights like tonight only amplified it. Wearing sexy clothing, surrounded by men gazing at her. And now she was alone with them, her husband gone to drop of their daughter.

Anything could happen.

Images flashed through her head, her husband's friends 'taking advantage' of her. An orgy with her at the centre, nurses outfit discarded and body writhing in pleasure.

She discarded the idea. Sadly, such things weren't possible.

Out of no-where, a heat-flash took her. Her body warming, hot as fire, in an instant. Her lungs felt choked, body burning. An instant of panic. And then it was gone. The panic, the heat. It was as if it had never happened, leaving nothing but confusion and ache behind.

What was she doing again?

She looked down at the tray she was carrying, a mixture of beer bottles and steaming coffee resting atop it.

That was odd. Why was she serving drinks? She was a nurse, not a waitress.

Her eyes wandered to one of the men seated on her sofa. A good-looking man, with a bulge between his legs. It looked uncomfortable for him, painful.

Linda tripped, half accidentally, half on purpose.

Her tray went flying, boiling-hot coffee landing squarely on the man's crotch.

He jumped, more out of shock than pain, and Linda's desires took over. She was a nurse. It was her job to make things better. And, right now, what needed making better was the man's crotch.

Heedless of the man's complaints and objections, Linda dropped down to her knees.

The brute, it seemed, had a cock as massive as the rest of him. It would have certainly been too big for any normal human. But then, Viv was not human at all, and she could more than handle anything a human, even one such as this, could give.

He pushed here against the wall, tearing away the bikini parts with rough hands.

Viv's breasts bounced free.

She didn't have time to use them, show them off to the brute. He pushed himself inside her with all the grace and subtlety of bull in a glass house, smashing through anything in its way.

Without thinking, Viv wrapped her legs around the brute, pulled him fully inside her.

Humans, always seeking a taste of Heaven. Well today, Viv was going to give this particular human a taste of something much, much hotter.

Linda bounced from cock to cock, taking each one in her mouth, using her lips and tongue and charm to compel her husband's friends to cum in, on, and around her.

Finished with one, she had barely enough time to breathe before another cock was in her mouth.

He should have been back by now. Her husband. He should be here. But he wasn't. And the genie was out of the bottle now, with no chance of going back in. This was happening.

She took two of the men by their cocks, pulling them, leading them to her bedroom. She wanted more than just her mouth filled, and the bed there was large and comfortable enough to find out just how many cocks she could satisfy at once.

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As the sky began to brighten, the night waning and day approaching, the spirit felt itself slowly slip away back to the underworld. Banished from the living world for at least another year.

Still, it had done its duty. It had punished its descendants for their lack of reverence and respect.

Next year, perhaps, it would return and see just how much his kin had changed. Thoughts began to recede as the world of the living faded from its sight.

Yes. Next year.

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Viv woke to darkness. It was still night, the sun hadn't risen yet, but the sky wasn't black. More a deep purple-blue. She looked around through sleepy eyes.

The fuck? Why was she laying in some random alleyway?

Slowly, the memories of last night came back to her, blurred and misty.

She'd had sex with someone here. Someone huge.

Viv glanced around, saw the sleeping form there with a mixture of shock and horror.

Her dad, still wearing that silly fake-muscle caveman costume, was laying there, cock somehow poking through the costume. He was still sleeping, breathing softly.

She'd fucked her father.

The realisation hit her like a bolt of lightning.

They'd had sex. A lot of it.

Her eyes darted down to her father's cock. Widening as she realised just how huge it was, even flaccid. By far the biggest dick she'd ever seen.

And it was coated with her juices.

It was wrong. Fucked up. Immoral and almost certainly illegal. It was unnatural. And, Viv thought, feeling herself getting wet at the sight of that monster cock, it was by far and away the kinkiest thing she'd ever done.

Viv smiled, leaned down with her mouth open.

She wondered what Dad would do, how he'd react, when he woke up to his daughter giving him head.